

# Police Stations Refuge Centers For Terrified Families Who Fled From Bullets

## FOUR DEAD, SCORES WOUNDED IN NIGHT OF RED TERROR HERE

Race war galloped wildly through the streets of Washington last night, reaping a death roll of four and a list of wounded running into the hundreds.

Bands of whites and blacks hunted each other like clansmen throughout the night, the blood-feud growing steadily. From nightfall to nearly dawn ambulances bore their steady stream of dead and wounded to the hospitals.

### BRAVE DETECTIVE KILLED.

The red night cost Washington the lives of a courageous policeman, Detective Sergeant Wilson, of the Headquarters staff.

Wilson was shot through the heart by a firebrand negro girl, Carrie Minor Johnson, seventeen, turned to sniping from the second-story window of her home, 220 G street northwest, and a detective decided to go up and get her. He broke open the door and reached the stairs when a bullet felled him.

Inspector Grant hurried Wilson to an automobile, which flashed down Pennsylvania avenue at terrific speed. The machine skidded beyond control and in front of the Willard it leaped the street car platforms and crashed into a store front near Poli's Theater. Wilson died on his way to Emergency Hospital, probably before the accident.

### MANY ARE WOUNDED.

The death of Wilson came at the climax of a night of terror and bloodshed.

Long before midnight the number of the wounded had mounted into scores, and though the early morning hours brought a lull, it by no means put an end to the rioting. The hospitals were crowded, Emergency alone having thirty-seven victims.

There is no precedent in Washington's history for such a race riot as this, and the law-abiding element of the town was amazed at the sight of law and order toppled over in the flame of the sinister passions engendered in the past forty-eight hours.

Police stations became refuge centers for terrified families of both races, mobs congregated sullenly, street cars and automobiles were stoned, revolvers were shot almost at random, fists and knives were used in pitched fights between gangs which welcomed the chance of mixing it, and police and the military who patrolled various sections trusted largely to a kindly Providence to saving the city utterly from the horrors of mob rule.

### EARLY SIGNS OF TROUBLE.

The forecast of a vicious night came early—before 7 o'clock, when the whole negro section centered at Seventh and U streets northwest seemed aflame with mob anger over the invasion of their normally placid neighborhood by military police.

Hundreds of them herded together fearfully, with their easily-fired blood lashed to fury by the slick talk of a few riot leaders, who were nursing grudges and mobilizing pent-up race consciousness.

Along U street the bands of blacks moved uneasily, gaining recruits as the sullen whispers spread, and within an hour a mob of more than 400 was in march.

It swooped down upon a street car, at Eleventh and U streets northwest, stoned it, and tried to rough the motorman.

From the Eighth precinct station, a block distant, police and provost guards hurried to the rescue of the car crew. One of the negroes tried to gain possession of a policeman's club; guns were drawn, but no blood was shed.

### OUTBREAKS THROUGH SECTION.

Then U street seethed with minor riots running from Fourteenth street through to New Jersey avenue, and all the lace-work of settlements between, and there were sporadic outbreaks attended by casualties all through the section.

It seemed the focal point, the generating center of the whole spirit of midsummer mob madness which splashed all over the city's map before 9 o'clock last night.

The U street mob stood menacingly in front of the Eighth precinct station for a while, but made no gesture of violence. The whites of the neighborhood had observed the gathering of the negroes and scented trouble.

Scores of women and children sought refuge at the station as a brawl at Seventh and T streets, involving the wounding of several persons, was reported. Forty marines reached the precinct to assist the reserves at 9 o'clock.

Then the situation in the northwest calmed down somewhat and rose almost to fever pitch in other sections—noticeably in the southwest, where guerrilla warfare and curbsone sniping with various missiles was continuous throughout the night.

At Second and L streets northwest, an ugly mob congregated, but did no violence, and a fragment of its force under police dispersal moved into the downtown section, where the crowds grew hour by hour.

In the early evening the whites were in the great majority, with soldiers and marines patrolling everywhere, but after the theaters and "movies" had been emptied, and the traffic of an ordinary July evening had vanished, there was a furtive re-appearance of blacks steadily increasing in number.

Attacks on street cars, on Salvation Army headquarters, on automobiles kept phones ringing frantically for more than three hours and ambulances clanging incessantly in all parts of town.

At times the mob outrages on both sides of the color-line were so staged as to suggest a fine Machiavellian hand back of them all and pulling the wires.

A few minutes later organized race war seemed splintered into fragments and mere aimless anarchy and passion reigned.

## EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF BATTLES NEAR 8TH PRECINCT

By PAUL O'NEILL.

"The devil is abroad tonight. Keep a good hold on your riot sticks. Don't turn your back on anyone. Shoot to kill if necessary. And fire to the right or left of the flash."

This succinct warning was voiced by Capt. Robert E. Doyle, of the Eighth precinct station, 900 block U street northwest, speaking to the patrolmen under his command shortly before eight o'clock last night.

There are approximately 26,000 negroes living in the Second precinct. Captain Doyle prophesied trouble. He prophesied lots of trouble before the wee sma' hours, when a lull in the rioting might be expected.

### Proved Good Prophet.

Captain Doyle was right. The devil was abroad. And hand-in-hand with death, he wielded the scythe for eight solid hours in the night through the Eighth precinct. To the wee sma' hours. Captain Doyle was a good prophet.

I arrived at the Eighth precinct station shortly after 10 o'clock. It was still broad daylight. But the crowds were collecting. The crowds were composed entirely of negroes. The few white men about walked straight down the street. They attended strictly to business.

On the corner of Sixth and U streets a negro sailor was harranguing his fellows in a high, sing-song voice. Sometimes his tones would sink almost to a whisper. Then they would rise to a fanatical shout. He attracted a crowd of about 500 persons. Men and women. There was no loud talking. The crowd muttered. Then grew silent.

"It's going to be a bad night to-night," a policeman told me. I later ascertained that it was Patrolman George C. Bunn, crack shot of the Eighth precinct station. It turned out to be a bad night for Patrolman Bunn. Shortly after 11 p. m. he lay sprawled out on the pavement—but I am getting ahead of my story.

### Silence Is Bad.

"There is something uncanny about that silence," another white man told me. "Ugh, it reminds me of voodooism."

There was tension in the air. Much like the lull before a storm. Everything very quiet. The trolley cars and an occasional automobile sounded unusually ominous in the silence.

I started for the Eighth precinct station. Before I was within a block of the place a wild roar came from the crowd at Sixth and U streets. I was the only white man in sight. I turned around and saw that the crowd had started my way.

"Here's where I go to the Emergency Hospital," I said to a tree.

### Ran Past Him.

But the mob paid no attention to me, with the exception of an ugly glance or two. As the negroes ran by I noticed many bulging hip pockets. And remembered that the sale of firearms had been unusually heavy in the city during the afternoon.

It was a lull for me, as well as for the unarmed white men on the street, that the crowd had not yet worked itself, through mob psychology, into a state of frenzy.

A block further I came within sight of the Eighth precinct station. The mob had by this time scattered into doorways and down side streets. They were not prepared to attack—yet.

In front of the precinct station I saw several men of the 63rd infantry, standing on guard. They carried heavy rifles with bayonets fixed to their hips. The flaps of the revolver cases were open. Each infantryman wore a red brassard about his sleeve. On the brassard were the letters "P. G." in white. Provost guard.

The soldiers were backed up by several policemen. The blue coats were unbuttoned. And revolver butts peered out between brass butts. Each policeman carried a riot stick.

I joined the crowd of soldiers. They welcomed me with a grin. "Hot time tonight," remarked one of the soldiers, asking me to hold his rifle while he lit a cigarette.

The negroes drew a close ring around us. They glanced at the rifles and bayonets and revolvers. And laughed. They seemed to be getting a good deal of fun out of something. "CLEAR THE WAY, QUICK!" came a yell from the station. The negroes sobered quickly, and the crowd about the station melted away.

The provost guards shouldered their rifles and marched to a small riot two blocks away on U street. It was the first of the evening. The first of many for the Eighth precinct station in the black belt.

### Car Held Up.

A street car had been held up by a mob of negroes. Bricks had been hurled through the windows of the car. The crowd scattered before we got there. The motorman was picking up the pieces of broken glass. He was swearing.

We lingered about that corner for several minutes, the exposure of curious eyes which peered from doorways and side streets, upstairs windows and alleys.

Then we marched back to the precinct station. "Crowd collecting on Sixth street," came a call from the desk sergeant. "So we started for Sixth street. I

## Killed as He Tried to Arrest Rioting Negress



DETECTIVE SERGEANT HARRY WILSON.

When he entered the second story room of a house at 220 G street northwest to arrest a colored girl firing at the crowds below, Sergeant Wilson was killed when the woman, firing as she hid behind the bed, shot him through the heart as he made his way into the room. He died on the way to Emergency Hospital. He is survived by a wife and little daughter, two years old, both of whom are now in Montreal, Canada.

walked along between two provost guardsmen past the scene of the shooting. I walked with the provost guardsmen past the scene of the shooting. There I picked up a 32-calibre Colt revolver cartridge.

Only the way to Sixth street, I was halted by a colored man. "Don't go up there," he said to me. "Get back to the precinct station. Hell's going to pop."

"I'll show you in a minute," yelled the doughboy. "The negro leaped back after receiving a bullet in the bayonet. An ugly, long drawn out yell welled from the crowd. Fighting blood was being tempered."

Crowd Gathered. There was a crowd of probably 1,500 persons at Sixth and T streets northwest.

The crowd was cleared and we marched to the curb. Several negroes refused to move and were persuaded to move by being pricked with the point of a 63rd infantry bayonet.

Ugly threats and still more ugly words were exchanged in front of a store in the eighteen hundred block on Sixth street. Next to me stood a provost guardsman, finger on the trigger of his rifle.

Dusk was coming on. It was twilight—half day and half night. I turned to the soldier to make some remark when in the next block up, a half block away, the firing started.

I saw Policeman Bunn of the precinct, throw up his hands and fall to the pavement. The next impression I received was that of a series of long orange colored streams a foot long. They were the flashes of the guns fired by the negroes.

Guardsmen Fires. The provost guardsman next to me raised his rifle. It spoke. While the sound was yet ringing in my ears, the bullet tinkled in the show window at my side. I turned my eyes to the window and saw that a bullet had crashed through the pane. I stood still and measured the distance. The bullet had missed me by two inches.

I looked toward the scene of the firing a half block up the street. The orange flashes continued. And there was soft whispering in the air. The soldier told me they were the sound of bullets.

Inspector Grant then ran out on the pavement at the corner of Sixth and T streets with his automatic "gat" in his hands. I thought I saw him fire the gun, and could see the orange flash spurt from his gun. But I am not positive about it.

A tall man wearing a white Van-dyke beard ran to the police car and drew out a stubby rifle, an automatic. He knelt on the running board of the car, aimed over the radiator and fired twice very carefully.

Two Hundred Shots. Two policemen and other soldiers were firing, too. Probably about 200 shots were exchanged in all. I was the only man on the street not armed as far as I could ascertain. For when the shooting started, the crowd of 1,500 or 2,000 people disappeared before one could count thirty.

Policeman Bunn lay bleeding on the pavement. The man who had shot him escaped. The policeman was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where he was treated for revolver wounds in his left arm and left shoulder.

Order was restored for a time. The mob was sobered, temporarily, by the shooting. I walked with the provost guardsmen past the scene of the shooting. There I picked up a 32-calibre Colt revolver cartridge.

He walked back to the precinct station. Within a few moments two big army trucks drew up in front of the station. The trucks were filled with marines. They were prepared to "take the situation well in hand."

The marines were lined up in the precinct station and divided into squadrons in preparation for the grim night's work ahead. And it was a grim night's work. And much blood was shed. The blood of both white men and colored men.

Soon after the return to the precinct house, two other newspapermen arrived at the station.

We took a stroll around "to see what we could see" then we returned to the station. Just in time. The battle began full tilt then.

The marine captain who had served overseas said it reminded him of the battle front.

Standing in front of the station house, we could hear shots in all directions. Occasionally there were cries of "loose!" or "loose!" Prisons were coming in constantly. There were between 75 and 100 registered at "No. 8" during the night. They were all colored. There were no whites in the black belt during the race battle. Practically the only fights staged were those between policemen, men in military service and the negroes.

rusty pair of shears. Probably the only humorous incident of the evening, if such an evening could entertain a gleam of humor, came when a colored minister was arraigned on a charge of carrying concealed weapons.

He had in his possession when caught a knife fully two feet long. "What were you doing with that knife?" demanded Captain Doyle. "Well, sub, I was using it to cut grass," replied the man.

Notwithstanding his protestations of innocence the colored clergyman was locked up.

Not in the least bit daunted he started a revival meeting among the negroes in the cell-room. Old fashioned Southern melodies were sung, as modern negro songs, and Moody and Sankey hymns.

They presented an unusual sight. Crowded together in the cells, with bloody bandages wound about their heads, the negroes worked themselves into a frenzy of religious fervor. The station resounded with their songs.

Just a few minutes ago they were trying to plug us with their guns and carve us with their razors," said one big marine. "I give up."

The revival meeting was at its height when the door opened and the door to the station house was thrust open and a white-faced youth projected himself into the room and leaned over the police blotter.

"I—I—they've shot—they've," he gasped. And then could say no more. All eyes turned to the door. Patrolman Herbert Glassman, carried in the arms of two husky marines. Glassman had been shot in the leg by a negro at Seventh and Q streets northwest.

Glassman was laid on the floor. The hymn singing continued.

An army truck rolled up and Glassman was piled in, his head toward the rear of the Emergency Hospital, where he had his wounds dressed.

The two marines then explained how it had all happened. They had responded with Glassman to one of the many riot calls of the night in the Seventh precinct. Glassman jumped from the car and behind a tree when the "rioting grounds" were reached.

The two marines also jumped from the automobile and crouched behind trees, firing at several negroes, who persistently returned the fire.

Glassman was hit, and both marines stayed with him, instead of pursuing the man who had shot the officer.

"Now, what you should have done is this," said Captain Doyle to the marines when he heard of the affair. "One of you should have stayed by to protect Glassman and the other should have jumped into the automobile and run down the street."

And the marines were very penitent about it, and promised to do better next time. They said that with a grin to Captain Doyle. Captain Doyle was the coolest man in the precinct station, and in the opinion of everyone capably upheld the confidence placed in him by Major Pullman when he was appointed to the Eighth precinct.

And, by the way, Captain Doyle is planning to make a little peace trip among the negroes in his precinct next day. He is going to assure them that everything possible is being done to settle the present undisturbed conditions.

Bunn. He became too enthusiastic one time, and reached the scene of rioting on Seventh street, near Florida avenue, before the marine and police reserves arrived.

I saw several negroes run as our taxicab traveled down Seventh street. As we neared the middle of the block I glanced out the side of the car and saw a negro level a revolver at the taxicab. I didn't hear any shot.

### ADVERTISEMENT

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## LASKEY READY TO PROSECUTE RIOTERS

As soon as the various criminal cases growing out of the race riots of last night and night before are presented to the District Attorney, he will at once take action and investigate and bring to trial those who are responsible for the excesses.

District Attorney John E. Laskey said this morning that so far nothing has come to his office upon which he could take any action. "As soon as it does," he said, "no time will be lost to bring the guilty ones to account."

There were many opinions at the court house this morning as to the cause of the trouble.

One prominent lawyer said: "Prohibition has a lot to do with it. The bootleggers got rich and defied the police. This created a spirit of lawlessness which is aggravated by the unreasonable attitude of Congress in trying to pass laws which are entirely too drastic."

Another lawyer puts the entire blame on Congress, which body he said was always, but surely, depriving the people of all personal liberty under the guise of reform.

A prominent court attache said: "Since the wife of that marine was assaulted, the marines, sailors and soldiers combined to get even with the colored people no matter whether guilty or innocent."

## 3 GUN-TOTERS GET LIMIT SENTENCES

The maximum sentence of 300 days and a fine of \$500 was imposed on three persons convicted of carrying concealed weapons before Judge McMahon in the United States branch of Police Court today.

James Williams, Girard Lee, and Milton Lee were the three persons convicted of carrying concealed weapons. In default of the \$500 fine, the men were sentenced to serve an additional 360 days.

Seldom if ever has the United States branch of police court had so many cases on its docket in a single day. Forty-five were cases against persons carrying concealed weapons as an aftermath to the wholesale arrests during the riots of last night.

In the majority of the cases when called before Judge McMahon they were continued until a future date.

### SENATE KILLS REPEAL OF DAYLIGHT SAVING

The Senate Agriculture Committee today voted to report out the agricultural appropriation bill without the repeal of the Daylight Saving act vetoed by President Wilson.

## COP SHOT BY NEGRO A PISTOL EXPERT

It was the irony of fate which led Policeman J. C. Bunn, of the Eighth precinct, become a victim in last night's casualty lists. Private Bunn, who lives at 25 P street northeast, is the champion pistol shot of the Washington police, and champion of the District of Columbia.

Private Bunn was shot when he attempted to arrest a negro at Seventh and T streets northwest last night. The negro shot without warning and escaped. Private Bunn did not attempt to shoot. He was so sure of himself, such an expert with the pistol, that he had an uncanny fear of his own weapon.

For several years the policeman has held the championship of the District, and has represented and won for the local police force several national meets. At his home he has a shelf full of trophies, including many medals and some cups.

The bullet which wounded Policeman Bunn entered his shoulder and lodged near his spine. At his home this morning he was reported resting quietly, and is expected to recover. He has two children, Clarence K. Bunn, who is in the navy, and a daughter, Mrs. Paul Hefelner, 158 street southeast.

### TROOP OF CAVALRY AND DETACHMENTS OF DEVIL DOGS PATROL CAPITAL

Called to Washington on orders from the War Department, a troop of cavalry from Fort Myer arrived here shortly after 4:30 o'clock tonight prepared to help put down any recurrences of last night's rioting.

At the request of Major Pullman, superintendent of police, a detachment of marines from Quantico arrived in this city shortly after 6 o'clock, and were assigned to various precincts throughout the city. A detachment of marines from the marine barracks has also been detailed to aid the police to check mob violence.

Several detachments from the Twenty-third Infantry, stationed at Pottomac Park and other nearby camps, panned up and down the streets of the Capital shortly after nightfall.

Major Pullman declined to give the number of soldiers who have been detailed to aid the police tonight.

The detail of soldiers assigned to help the police of the Fourth precinct was composed of one officer and forty-five men from the Sixty-third Infantry, who arrived in two motor trucks.

### 4 NEGROES IN ARMED AUTO ARRESTED FOR SHOOTING AT SAILORS

Four negroes are under arrest at the First precinct station in connection with the shooting at four sailors' patients of the Naval Hospital, Twenty-third and B streets northwest, today, and are being held for investigation.

Business Hours: 8:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily Store Closes Saturday During July and August PARKER-BRIDGET CO. offer Seasonable Weight Rain-Coats FOR a man to be dressed in a Wool Suit, on a muggy rainy day, is like building a fire in a furnace in August. The light-weight rain coats of rubberized and gabardine cloth we offer for sale, permit you to wear your cool Palm Beach or other summer suit and be as comfortable as though the sky was as clear as crystal. There are regular or Trench models in tan, gray, and the many shades of heather to select from, and they come in all sizes. \$15 to \$35 Parker-Bridget Co. The Avenue at Ninth